

THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

Volume 3.—Number 115.

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THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.
Published every Wednesday,
BY J. & J. W. BARNES.

TERMS:—ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.
\$1.50 when left by the Carrier.

Office, on Washington Street,
(First door above the Post-Office.)
Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Michigan.

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2 w.k.	75	1 50	2 25	3 00	3 75	4 50	5 25	6 00	6 75	7 50
3 w.k.	1 00	2 00	3 00	4 00	5 00	6 00	7 00	8 00	9 00	10 00
1 mth.	2 50	5 00	7 50	10 00	12 50	15 00	17 50	20 00	22 50	25 00
2 mth.	5 00	10 00	15 00	20 00	25 00	30 00	35 00	40 00	45 00	50 00
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J. & J. W. BARNES, PUBLISHERS.

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C. J. Pfaff, Sheriff of Ottawa Co.,
Grand Haven, Mich.

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of Ottawa County, and Notary Public. Office
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tect and Builder, Grand Haven, Mich. 112

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House, Grand Haven.

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Atwood Brothers, Counselors at
Law, Office, up stairs, 2nd. door above the
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W. S. ATWOOD. J. LANGDON ATWOOD.

Rasch & Fiebig, Wagon-Makers—
in all of its departments. Shop, corner of
Canal (west side), and Bridge Streets, Grand
Rapids, Mich. [ly 65]

Frank C. Stuart, Watch and Clock
Maker, and Repairer, Washington Street, Grand
Haven, Michigan. A New and select assort-
ment of Clocks, Jewels, Yankee Notions, &c.,
just received. Prices low and terms cash.—
Patronage of the Public respectfully solicited.
Grand Haven, March 21st, 1880.—[a 64 tf]

J. B. McNett, Physician and Surgeon.
Office, second door above News Office, Wash-
ington Street, Grand Haven, Mich.

S. Munroe, Physician and Surgeon.
Office at his residence, Washington street,
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Augustus W. Taylor Judge of
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Stoves, Hardware, Guns, Iron, Nails, Spike,
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Sheet-Iron Wares. Job work done on short
notice. Corner Washington and First sts.,
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Wm. M. Ferry Jr., Manufacturer
of Stationary and Marine, high or low pres-
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Haven, Mich.

John H. Newcomb, Dealer in Dry
Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hard-
ware, Boots and Shoes, etc. State Street,
Mill Point, Mich.

William Wallace, Grocer and Pro-
vision Merchant. One door below the Post
Office, Washington Street.

Cutler, Warts & Stedgman, Deal-
ers in General Merchandise, Pork, Flour, Salt,
Grain, Lumber, Shingles and Lath. Water St.,
Grand Haven, Mich.

Griffin & Co., Dealers in Drugs, Med-
icines, Groceries, Provisions, Paints, Oils,
Glass and Fancy Goods. At the old
Store, corner of Washington and First Street,
Grand Haven, Mich.

Noah Perkins, Dealer in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hardware,
Boots and Shoes, &c. Opposite the store of
J. H. Newcomb, State st., Mill Point, Mich.

J. T. Davis, Merchant Tailor, Dealer
in Gents Furnishing Goods, Broadcloths, Cas-
simeres, Vestings, &c. Shop, Washington St.
2d door below the Drug Store.

Lewis Porter, Manufacturer of and
Dealer in Clothing Goods. No. 16, Canal St.,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Ferry & Son, Manufacturers and
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Lumber, Shingles,
Lath, Pickets, Timber &c. Business Of-
fices, Water Street, Grand Haven, Mich., and
226, Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

J. F. Chubb, Manufacturer of and
Dealer in Plows, Cultivators, Thrashing Ma-
chines, Reapers, Mowers, Hay Presses and all
kinds of Farming Tools and Machines. Ag-
ricultural Warehouse, Canal Street, Grand
Rapids, Mich.

MUSINGS.

Be still, thou weary heart, be still!
Why beat so wildly now?
The darkest clouds, they soon must pass,
And sunlight gild the brow.
Wouldst quail before the coming storm?
Where is thy manhood now?
The sun above shines bright and warm,
Though clouds may creep below.
The lily, goddess of the flood,
Weeps o'er the water's breast,
Still watching for its gentle star
To hush it into rest.
And though the storm sweeps o'er the wave,
And hides the star from view,
Yet still its gaze is lost on high,
To love and friendship true.

You cloud that seems so dark above
May richest blessings pour,
And if the heart is true to love,
It's sorrows will pass o'er.
For on the wings of morning light
The night dews quickly fly.
So, when the sun of hope beams bright,
Our sorrows wither, die.

Where is the heart that treasures not
Some relic of the past;
In Memory's cell there's one green spot,
Though round stern ruin's east.
The fond wife's tear, the sister's smile
Bedew each opening year;
They bloom where hope has past from view,
And live and flourish there.

Then heart be brave, bow not the head,
There's something left to love;
The clouds, they will assuage part
Before the sun above.
The withering rose, it must decay
And perish from the stem,
But in its place a bud will bloom,
A floweret smile again.

Extract from a Traveler's Note Book in Pekin.

At about ten o'clock in the morning, the mandarin sent to invite me to breakfast. I was agreeably surprised at the attention, and passing through the reception saloons, I was introduced into the breakfast room. I had not yet seen my host, and did not know on what footing I was with him. He received me with the greatest cordiality, his manners being affable, gracious and amiable, rivaling with the high-bred gentleman. He begged me to remain covered. He was of about forty years of age, with an open intelligent face. He evidently did not use opium. His tail appeared to me remarkable for its length, thickness, the beauty of the hair, and the elegance with which it was decked. He had on a long blue silk gown, ornamented with embroideries of gold and silver, representing a dragon's head, birds, butterflies, flowers, the like of which exist nowhere in the world, but which were excellently executed. He wore boots of black satin, a straw hat with two peacock's feathers falling on the shoulders, and in front a red coral button, which was the insignia of his dignity of mandarin. The eating-room was decked with handsome screens. The breakfast consisted of a number of small dishes placed on the table one over the other, and containing soups of birds' eggs, periwinkles, sharks' fins, eggs containing young birds, and a quantity of other Chinese dainties. Having a good appetite I found all these things excellent. The repast lasted about two hours, including the ceremony of smoking the pipe, from which there is no escape. In returning to our chambers, the mandarin mode, we had to pass before a suite of small apartments, all opening on a vast gallery. I looked into these rooms with eager curiosity; they were all literally encumbered with silk garments, shoes, fans, rouge-pots, artificial or natural flowers, and a thousand other things used by woman. All these rooms were sumptuously decorated. The furniture was lacquered, and in better taste than I had supposed the Chinese to possess. The walls and ceilings bore sculptures displaying great artistic skill. In a corner of each room was a boudoir a few yards square, ornamented with brilliant paintings, to which access was obtained by a sliding door. In each boudoir was a bed surrounded with white curtains, a table and two low chairs. These apartments were, it is scarcely necessary to remark, those of the women. In the evening the mandarin entertained me at dinner. When the provisions had been placed on the table, every one sat down. My neighbor on the left offered me a portion of kitten; the one on the right the wing of an owl; and a third pressed on me the leg of a dog. The Chinese, to do honor to a guest, cram his plate with what they consider the most delicate morsels, so that he runs the risk of having a violent indigestion.

In this country, obesity is considered the highest beauty in man. The Chinese, with whom I was at table had good appetites; they ate a good deal, and used their long, transparent finger-nails, which are as hard as a horn, to separate their food into small portions. Wine made from rice, tea, and different sorts of syrup were sent around the table. I confined myself to taking a few glasses of the latter, but it would be difficult for me to

give the names or to describe the taste. This repast lasted three hours, and when over, a little girl, ten years of age, came in and offered us liquors. She was not ugly in European eyes, and in those of the Chinese was a perfect beauty. Her eyes were triangular, her nose thick, her teeth white, and her hair raised to a prodigious height. She poured out to each guest a glass of fermented liquor, which was to me detestable; received gravely the allegorical compliments which nearly everybody addressed to her, and then trotted off as if she had only wooden legs; her feet, in truth, were so small that they could scarcely be distinguished. Afterwards pipes were brought, and every one began smoking with great gravity and silence. The smoking continued for half an hour, and then the master of the house, taking me by the hand, asked me if I would visit his gardens and hot houses. My host led me along corridors, through small court-yards, and by dark passages, to what these Chinese call a garden.

In China, everything appears to be the caricature of what Europeans see in their own country. Men, women, animals, vegetables—nothing in the Celestial Empire has the form, color, or structure of analogous things in our part of the world. When by chance nature herself does not make a difference, the Chinese take care to effect it, and they alone are capable of inventing such gardens as those into which the mandarin introduced me.—They consisted of a collection of artificial rocks, cascades, and valleys, displaying luxuriant vegetation; of singular pagodas; of winding paths, so narrow that two persons could not walk in them abreast; of trees, shrubs, plants, precipices, bowers, aviaries, basins, fountains, grass-plots—all jumbled together in the strangest fashion. As my host evidently expected compliments, I made some, and he received them with a good grace.

Extract of a letter from a distinguished New York gentleman now in Georgia.

SAVANNAH, March 11, 1881.
I wrote you from Charleston. As to the feeling there, I can only add now more facts tending to establish the same thing, viz.: that the new Confederacy is an established organization for the government of, at least, the cotton States; and greatly as we all must regret the loss of such a people, and the rupture of our Federal relations, we cannot help recognizing the fact that reconstruction is now impossible, or at least very distant, in connection with the republican sentiment of the eastern States, and the northern part of our own (New York) State. The most alarming feature of this change in public sentiment is exhibited in Georgia, among the substantial planters and merchants, hitherto staunch Union men from sentiment and a correct estimate of their interest,—many of the latter being northern men, or children of northern men, who had not forgotten the glorious heritage of the common history of Seventy-six. Yet, strong as is the tie of human affection under the most hallowed relations of life, daily experience shows that a long and persistent course of aggression, even in small things will wear the regard of the most loving, when a settled hostility betrays a selfish disregard of mutual duties, or a decided incompatibility of taste or temper, or even interest.

Equality in theory is to this high-toned people of more value in their eyes than the most valuable franchises for the production of material wealth; and hence, the unequal working of a protective tariff was easily established in 1832, while the question of equality in the Territories—after all valuable only to them in theory—will not be conceded in return for any material advantage, nor to avoid any evil, however great. And, in my opinion, the concession on the part of the North of even this and all other causes of complaint will come too late, except to save the border States from a like rupture. Time may do much to heal and to restore the relations which the abolition element has destroyed; and a peaceable concession on the part of the new government to the new Confederacy will undoubtedly give the Union element a chance to survive, and perhaps in time to gain its former influence.

This is the opinion of the few Union men now left in this State, and all admit that war must forever destroy the little hope left for a reconstruction.

A THRILLING STORY.—It was night. A thick murky gloom obscured the moon. The wind in fitful gusts howled desolately through the forest's leafless branches—most fitting night for deeds of horror. A fully sounded village clock—tolling the hour of one. At this witching time of night, a wild murderous looking wretch stole from the gloomy woods. His beard was long and rough; his hair matted and uncombed. Savagely gleamed his bloodshot eye, as he approached with stealthy step the spot where his unconscious victim slumbered in peaceful innocence. The murderer smiled as he listened to his breathing. He raised the axe; with one blow it deeply descended into the skull of the sleeper; and the hog was dead!

Advertisement Extraordinary. CHEAP WHISKEY.

Death & Co., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Spirits.

Take this opportunity of informing their friends, and a discerning public, that they continue the trade of making Drunkards, Bankrupts, Beggars and Maniacs, on the most reasonable terms, at the shortest notice.

The advertisers beg leave to return their most sincere thanks to their most numerous, steady, and attached customers, and to all the Tipping part of community, for the increasing countenance and extensive patronage which they now receive; and they hope that the many proofs which are to be found in every town, village, and district, of the Republic, of the success of D. & Co., in the above line of business, will secure to them the increased support of all Drunkards, Dram-Drinkers, and occasional customers; as well as to forever silence the advocates of Temperance Societies, those bitter enemies of this long established and popular trade.

D. & Co. beg to assure the public that the article in which they deal, is the best and most pleasant poison in the world, and has never been known to fail in any instance where the individual has persevered in the use of it for the limited time D. & Co. prescribe.

In order to do business in a respectable style the advertisers have obtained a License from Government, (under whose benevolent auspices the price of Whiskey has been lately reduced,) so that they have increased facilities to bring the wives and families of their customers to misery, and to wound, maim and beggar, and drive to delirium and death, as many as the public good requires. In particular, D. & Co. will spare no pains to secure the ETERNAL DAMNATION of as many as will favor them with their countenance and support. To accomplish these desirable ends, it is only necessary for the individual to take half a glass occasionally till he feels that quantity insufficient to gratify the craving appetite, which it will create; and when this Whiskey appetite is formed, the results at which D. & Co. aim at are secured, as the person is then prepared to brave temporal and eternal misery for the sake of "another glass."

For the accommodation of their numerous customers, and for the despatch of their increasing business, DEATH & CO. have appointed a sufficient number of active agents, who are stationed at convenient distances in the streets of cities, and along the high-ways, cross-roads, and in the villages of every country district. D. & Co's agents have the patent mark over the door: "Licensed to sell Spirits—Bar Room. And may be found ready for business at all hours, by day or night, Sundays not excepted."

Satisfactory references can be given to the Bridewell's Lunatic Asylums, Hospitals, the Goals, the Gallows, or the Drunkard's Fire-side.

N. B. D. & Co. beg to caution all Tipplers, and Dram-Drinkers, from giving heed to whatever Parsons, Preachers, Medical Men, and all advocates of Temperance Societies may say against Spirit-Drinking, as these gentlemen are avowed enemies to this respectable soul and body-destroying business. [Luth. Observer.]

AN OLD SOAKER'S LAST SPEECH.—A correspondent of the Troy Daily Times, writing from Berkshire, Mass., and remarking upon the great change which has taken place in that region, in consequence of the suppression of the rum traffic, tells the following good story of an old soaker who has since reformed, and is now a regular total abstinence man. It is given in the old fellow's own words, as follows:

"I once got a little change together, and started off on a regular bender. I bought a small keg with a bung-hole in the middle of it, so that it would be handy to drink from, and had it filled with rum. After taking a few good swigs, I hid it in a cooper shop, under some shavings, and started for town. Falling in with some acquaintances, we all got gloriously drunk, and the spare change of the party was soon all gone. Fuddled as we all were, we started for the cooper shop. Arriving there, after having traveled over much surplus ground, I got hold of what I supposed the keg of rum, but the bung wouldn't come out. Each one of us tugged and pulled, dug and chewed at it, but all in vain. We separated in despair. I carried it home for a sober trial—and what do you think it was? Why, it was the head of an old beetle, with just enough of the handle left to stick it in its place. My rum keg was still in the shavings, and there I let it stay. That was my last spree."

There is a bright Chinese editor in Sacramento, named Yo Yune. He writes well, and is fond of the ladies—just now he is in jail for abducting one of the fair ones.

A lady's maid told her mistress that she once swallowed several pins together. "Dear me," said the lady, "didn't they kill you?"

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

— Love one being well and warmly.
— Never solicit the knowledge of a secret.

— He generally talks most who has the least to say.

— Beauty and youth once banished can never be recalled.

— Wanted to know the velocity of a running account.

— The man who minds his own business has a good steady employment.

— All that is necessary for the enjoyment of sausages at breakfast is confidence.

— A wag recently defined monstaches to be the upper lip in mourning for the brains.

— A piano affords a young lady a good chance to show her fingering and her finger-ring.

— A hermit prefers always to be "left a loner," but as for us, we would rather be "left a fortune."

— Slanders, issuing from beautiful lips, are like spiders crawling from the blushing heart of a rose.

— The editor of the Niagara City Herald says an interesting cry-sis has arisen in his domestic affairs.

— Opinion is one of the great pillars that upholds commonwealths, and the greatest engine to overthrow them.

— The true gentleman is always modest. He is more ready to obtain the opinions of others than to parade his own.

— To boast of the virtues of our ancestors, is as absurd as for a blind man to console himself that his parents had good eyes.

— "This is what I call capital punishment," as the boy said when his mother shut him up in the closet among the preserves.

— A man complained that never father had so undutiful a child as he had.— "Yes," said the son, "my grandfather had."

— I said Tom Corwin designates those Republican members of Congress who refuse to agree to any compromise, d—d blue noses.

— A poet says: "Oh, she was fair, but sorrow came, add left his traces there." What became of the rest of the barnes he doesn't state.

— A French wife wrote to her husband as follows: "I write to you because I have nothing to do; and I end my letter because I have nothing to say."

— A western paper announcing the death of a gentleman in Iowa, says:—"He was a great admirer of Horace Greeley, but otherwise a respectable man."

— Some sensible chap says truly, that a person who undertakes to raise himself by scandalizing others, might just as well sit down on a wheelbarrow, and undertake to wheel himself!

— The people live uncommonly long in Vermont. There are two men there so old that they have quite forgotten who they are, and there is nobody alive who can remember them.

— A well dressed young gentleman at a ball, in whisking about the room, ran his head against a young lady. He began to apologize. "Not a word, sir; it is not hard enough to hurt anybody."

— The Times, in an obscure corner, has the following paragraph: "Patrick, you fool, what makes you steal after that rabbit when your gun has no lock on it?" "Hush, my darling, the rabbit don't know that."

— An Irishman, just from the sod, was eating some old cheese, when he found to his dismay that it contained living inhabitants. "Be jabbers," said he, "does your chace in this country have children?"

— The papers are dragging of an invention by which leather can be tanned in ten minutes. We have seen the human hide, however, tanned in five. Our schoolmaster used to do it occasionally in two.

— "Mother," said a little fellow the other day, "is there any harm in breaking egg shells?" "Certainly not, my dear, but why do you ask?" "Cause I dropped the basket just now, and see what a mess I'm in with the yolk."

— A man who assisted to empty several bottles of wine, afterwards took a walk. The pavements were quite icy, and he exclaimed, "Very singular; whenever water freezes, it always freezes with the slippery side up."

— An old Dutchman, who was elected a member of the Legislature, said, in his broken English, "Van I went to de Legislature, I thought I could find dem all Solomon dere, but I soon finds dere was some as pig fools dere as mine self."

The Opening Work of the Season—Good Plans and Resolutions.

Every farmer and gardener should begin the season's work with new plans and resolutions. He should, first of all, feel a hearty interest in his calling. Some engage in their business as if it were a mere drudgery, a thing they hated to do, but did so from sheer necessity. With what a heavy step and lack-lustre eye they go to their daily employment! Life has little poetry for them, little present enjoyment, and little hope for the future. Nobody envies such men. Away with such feelings, friends, and begin this happy April work with new zest and alacrity. Resolve on getting the most pleasure and usefulness this Summer can possibly yield.

Look out upon those handsome and fertile acres which Providence has committed to your care. They are under our entire control. If you neglect them, they will produce but a scanty harvest. By your industry and skill they will soon spring with young crops, on which the eye can rest with delight all Summer, and in the Autumn they will fill your barns with plenty. And you, horticulturist, the lawn and garden wait your call and the touch of your hand. At your coming they will wake to beauty and fertility; they will reward you all the long season with shade and fragrance, and fruit and flowers. What more delightful pursuit!

Do you not think so? Then follow up such thoughts with good plans and resolutions. Assuredly, every man's work should proceed according to a plan, or else his business will be only half done and poorly done. It should be definitely settled, early in the Spring, that this field should have this kind of treatment and crop, and that the other should be managed so and so. This and that farm building need certain repairs, and they shall have them. I must sell such and such of my stock, and buy such and such. Jane must go to Miss—'s High School, to afford her better advantages for completing her education. The lumber wagon must no longer serve as a family carriage, because I can afford a better, and self-respect and comfort require that I should have one. Such and such other things, Providence favoring, shall be the result of this season's endeavors, says the farmer.

So the gardener: the small piece of ground committed to me shall not lie idle. In the fruit and vegetable department, I will, this year, attempt some things new, but will hold fast to the old that are known to be good. My neighbors shall not out-do me in the line of salads, cucumbers, melons, strawberries, raspberries and dwarf pears. My grapes shall have the best of care. The famous Delaware, about which the whole country is debating, has already yielded me a few delicious clusters; this year, if care can avail anything, it shall do more. The Concord, Diana, and Rebecca have wintered well; and I mean that they shall venture only upon the Creveling and the Cuyahoga.

In the ornamental line, my lawn shall have the first care. Nothing rewards my labor so well as this. My shade trees need a little trimming to keep them in good shape; and my hedges must not be forgotten. In May and June I must enlarge my collection of evergreens. The flower-garden must, by no means, be neglected. The crocuses, now peeping up, will be followed by hyacinths and tulips and other flowers in long succession.— And I must add a little to their number. A few novelties among the dahlias must be had, also the newer gladioli. Then, there are Japan lilies, scarlet geraniums, petunias, verbenas, pyrethrums, perpetual roses, and the like. My neighbor Smith, a zealous amateur, recommends the Tritoma Uvaria, the Farquigian grande, the double zinnias, and the Gazaria splendens, as among the finest novelties, and I must have them.

So soliloquizes our gardener, but we need not listen to him any longer. We shall be satisfied if he and the farmer become inspired with new zeal in their callings, on the opening of this Spring's campaign, and if their zeal is crystallized into well formed plans and resolutions.

[Agriculturist, April.]

LIME ON SEED POTATOES.—Several subscribers speak of good results from a method described in the Agriculturist some time ago, which was, to cut the potatoes, roll them in fresh slaked lime, and let them lie six to ten days before planting. The reports are, that potatoes so treated sprout sooner after planting, grow more rapidly, and are not affected by rot. This looks reasonable; the lime corrects acids in the cut tubers, and what is probably of most utility, the alkalies assist in decomposing the organic matter around the seed, and thus immediately supply more nourishment.

GRAFTING WAX.—The best of grafting wax is made of 2 lbs. rosin, 1 lb. beeswax, with tallow or lard sufficient to soften until it can be readily applied with the hand. Some grafters prefer 6 lbs. rosin, 1 lb. beeswax and one pint lard oil.

HILLSIDES.—Steep hillsides may be set with fruit trees, especially apples.